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NOT FORGOTTEN.—AFTER C. HEYN.

THE ALDINE.

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CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

THOMAS MILLER.

THOSE Christmas bells so sweetly chime,
As on the day when first they rung
So merrily in the olden time,
And far and wide their music flung :
Shaking the tall gray ivied tower,
With all their deep melodious power :
They still proclaim to every ear,
Old Christmas comes but once a year.

Then he came singing through the woods,
And plucked the holly bright and green ;
Pulled here and there the ivy buds ;
Was sometimes hidden, sometimes seen—
Half-buried 'neath the mistletoe,
His long beard hung with flakes of snow ;
And still he ever caroled clear,
Old Christmas comes but once a year.

He merrily came in days of old,
When roads were few, and ways were foul,
Now staggered—now some ditty trolled,
Now drank deep from his wassail-bowl ;
His holly silvered o'er with frost.
Nor ever once his way he lost,
For reeling there and reeling here,
Old Christmas comes but once a year.

The hall was then with holly crowned,
'Twas on the wild deer's antlers placed ;
It hemmed the battered armor round,
And every ancient trophy graced.
It decked the boar's head, tusked and grim,
The wassail-bowl w. eathed to the brim.
A summer-green hung everywhere,
For Christmas came but once a year.

His jaded steed the armed knight
Reined up before the abbey gate ;
By all assisted to alight.
From humble monk, to abbot great.
They placed his lance behind the door,
His armor on the rush-strewn floor ;
And then brought out the best of cheer,
For Christmas came but once a year.

The maiden then, in quaint attire,
Loosed from her head the silken hood,
And danced before the yule log fire—
The crackling monarch of the wood,
Helmet and shield flashed back the blaze,
In lines of light, like Summer rays,
While music sounded loud and clear ;
For Christmas came but once a year.

What, though upon his hoary head,
Have fallen many a Winter's snow,
His wreath is still as green and red
As 'twas a thousand years ago.
For what has he to do with care ?
His wassail-bowl and old arm-chair
Are ever standing ready there,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

No marvel Christmas lives so long,
He never knew but merry hours,
His nights were spent with mirth and song,
In happy homes and princely bowers ;
Was greeted both by serf and lord,
And seated at the festal board ;
While every voice cried, " Welcome here,"
Old Christmas comes but once a year.

But what care we for days of old,
The knights whose arms have turned to rust,
Their grim boar's heads, and pasties cold,
Their castles crumbled into dust ?
Never did sweeter faces go,
Blushing beneath the mistletoe,
Than are to-night assembled here,
For Christmas still comes once a year.

For those old times are dead and gone,
And those who hailed them passed away,
Yet still there lingers many a one,
To welcome in old Christmas Day.
The poor will many a care forget,
The debtor think not of his debt ;
But, as they each enjoy their cheer,
Wish it was Christmas all the year.

And still around these good old times
We hang like friends full loath to part,
We listen to the simple rhymes
Which somehow sink into the heart,
" Half musical, half melancholy,"
Like childish smiles that still are holy ;
A masquer's face dimmed with a tear,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

The bells which usher in that morn,
Have ever drawn my mind away
To Bethlehem, where Christ was born,
And the low stable where He lay,
In which the large-eyed oxen fed ;
To Mary bowing low her head,
And looking down with love sincere,
Such thoughts bring Christmas once a year.

At early day the youthful voice,
Heard singing on from door to door
Makes the desponding heart rejoice,
To know the children of the poor
For once are happy all day long ;
We smile and listen to the song,
The burthen still remote or near,
" Old Christmas comes but once a year."

Upon a gayer, happier scene,
Never did holly berries peer,
Or ivy throw its trailing green,
On brighter forms than there are here,
Nor Christmas in his old arm-chair
Smile upon lips and brows more fair :
Then let us sing amid our cheer,
Old Christmas still comes once a year.

CHRISTMAS.

IN all the civilized world there is no spot so secluded, and, perhaps, no heart so dark that the sound of Christmas chimes fails to awaken in it a sense of joy and exultation. Round and round the earth rolls the grand sympathetic melody, calling on rich and poor alike, to put aside for a day all disputes and jealousies ; and over and above all trouble and perplexity swells the sublime, reiterated strain :

" Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,
Peace and good will to all mankind."

In the northern countries, Christmas is a season of more festivity than in those tropical lands where palms bask in the sun, and gorgeous flowers are the story of the whole year. Coming just as Winter has commenced his icy reign, the inner warmth, and glow, and comfort make a deeper impression on the soul, moving it to thankfulness and rejoicing ; and branches and wreaths of evergreen form a more fitting decoration in honor of our Saviour's birth, than all the wealth of tropical flowers, which blossom only to wither and perish in an hour.

Christmas is the joyful time for reunion and rest. All business and study being suspended, the family mansion is filled with youthful life and freshness : the blooming daughter home from school, beaming with fun and fancy, the youth forgetting for a time the account book and visions of future wealth—all throwing care aside and considering a Christmas kiss, under the mistletoe, the highest of earthly delights.

It is not to be wondered at that both poets and artists have devoted many of their best productions to the honor of Christmastide and its festivities. Celebrations, from the penny candle and sprig of green, in the peasant's hut, to the gorgeous and lavish display in the palace, have all had their share of picturesque representation—all breathing the same spirit of happiness, and joyous recognition of the grand union of earth and heaven.

It appears as if the artist's pencil became inspired when dealing with Christmas subjects. He works with true heart and feeling, and the lordly residence, the cathedral, or the home of the poor, receive a new charm in his hands when he throws around them the halo of Christmastide.

Note in the picture of "Christmas Chimes" (opp. page 183) how every element is combined to add grace and feeling to the ever-beautiful outlines of the old cathedral towers. How softly the light, streaming from the church windows, falls upon the figures of the old man and boy, as if the chanting and worship within were sending out powerful influence to guide and cheer. And from behind the tower, from which one can almost hear the throbbing, melodious peals of the bells, the moon sends forth her silvery light, beautifying the whole picture.

Full of Christmas cheer and jollity is the engraving of the noble mansion, which is so graphically portrayed opposite page 103, evidently the scene of great festivities. The lights, streaming from the windows and glistening on the frozen surface of the lake, assure the approaching guests of joyful and hospitable welcome ; and, as one gazes on the picture, what pleasant visions rise before the mind of past holidays at grandfather's home—that fairy-palace of all children on Christmas Eve.

And here, trudging lustily through the snow, (see opposite page), come the musicians to add their part to the entertainment. There is a touch of pathos, too, about these servants of festivity—these indispensable accompaniments of dance and song. Weary or not, they must come when bidden, and often play dance-music, as a guide to merry feet, when their own hearts are sad and cast down. They belong to the restless birds of passage among men ; to them day and night, summer and winter are the same. Their special province is to amuse and give flying feet to weary hours, and wherever luxury bids them, there they must go. How often the glitter and splendor of wealth and beauty serve to bring out, in strong contrast, the shabby garments and worn, weary faces of the band of musicians whose very breath is given to make up the joy of the crowd, to sound the triumph of toasts in which they have no part. But however perfect may be the harmony between the sentiments of the gay company and the response of the musical instruments, between the souls of the musicians and the children of luxury there is no responsive chord ; and, the entertainment over, the little band may trudge out again into the snow. Let us hope, however, that at least for the time they are warmed and comforted with hearty good cheer, and with means to carry a little Christmas pleasure to their humble homes.

Christmas outdoor sports possess a character of their own—fully appreciated by all those who have shared their delights. Who does not remember, with enthusiasm, many a sleigh ride over the smooth snow, when the influence of the cold wind was met and overcome by the warm glow of the heart ? There is no element so powerful to combat with Winter frost and snow as real contentment, and to him whose heart is weary and restless, all the fires of Vesuvius would prove insufficient. But at Christmas every one is filled with an exultant glow, and the cold air is rather reveled in than otherwise. Observe the jolly skaters in illustration on page 5. How strongly the artist has portrayed the delight and freshness of feeling with which the fun is entered into. Young and old come in for a share. The young girl, with an eagle's feather stuck jauntily in her hat, stands, skates in hand, enjoying, in anticipation, the fine exercise before her. Two young boys with their dog—When were boys ever without a dog?—are just preparing for a race. One stands watching, while the other buckles on his skates, and in one moment they will both be off over the smooth surface of the ice. In the center of the picture a vigorous sudent, with the inevitable eye-glasses and cigar, is dashing along in full enjoyment of the fun, while all around on the bank are crowds of lookers-on, apparently quite as full of eager appreciation and delight as the participants themselves. In the action of the picture one feels the special power of the artist. Every figure is doing something, or just on the point of starting, and, unconsciously, one anticipates what change the next moment will produce in the grouping.

By the same artist is the picture (on page 190) of the children gathering wood in the forest. Below, in the village, are seen the little church and school-house, and it is to gather wood to warm their school-room, through the long December days, that the children have trooped up the hill into the forest.

There they are, with their sleds, gleefully seizing upon all the branches broken and scattered by the Winter storms. Some have loaded their sleds and, mounted on the load, are sliding triumphantly down the hill. Others, with their arms full of branches, are trudging along, in gay anticipation of the hot fire, by which, as a reward for their industry, they will be allowed to roast an apple or warm a cup of milk, during the noon recess.

How truly the cold Winter atmosphere is portrayed in this picture. One knows just what sort of a time it is—one of those gray, sunless days of December when the heavy low-hanging clouds are changed with chilling dampness, which, before many hours, will gather into snow-flakes and descend, obliterating all the outlines of the landscape.

There are, sometimes, touches of sadness hanging around Christmas, as well as those of joy. It is the grand anniversary of the year, and the remembrance of friends beloved and dear, who have gone to the better land, comes to us then with renewed sharpness. We may twine evergreen around their portraits on the wall, and try to find comfort in the idea of their spiritual presence, but there remains the

empty chair, and the presence, at best, is but "One mute shadow, watching all."

The touching picture of "Christmas Eve in a Graveyard" is an illustration of a custom common in Germany—that of placing small Christmas trees with lighted tapers over the graves of departed friends. In our illustration (page 183), a mother is supposed to have come with her only remaining child, to place Christmas tokens over the grave of two darlings. How tenderly she kneels by the spot, placing the small burning tapers among the twigs of the miniature tree, while her whole face and figure is aglow with their light, as if her buried treasures were sending radiance from heaven to comfort her. At one side stands the little boy gazing with silent awe and wonder upon the snow-covered mound under which sleep his little playmates of last year. The whole composition is full of feeling; the desolate,

when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains: that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died; Banier himself, after all his miracles died at forty-five; Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, and Clive; but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not; I worship the Lord of hosts. But now take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his

DESPAIRING FOR LEILA.

(An Arabic Song.)

R. H. STODDARD.

" Girl, I love thee ! " Her reply
Was the saucy one, " You lie !
If you love me, as you say,
Why are you alive to-day ?
I will tell you what to do :—
There will be no love in you
Till your blood is weak and thin,
And your bones prick through your skin :
Till you wither, heart and mind,
And are nearly deaf and blind—
Scarcely hear them when they call,
And not answer them at all ;
Till you never prate again
Of your love, and my disdain ;
No, nor breathe it in your sighs ;
Or at least until your eyes,



"ON THE ROAD."—H. SÜDER.

snowy churchyard with the two lonely figures, the tangle of trees in the back-ground, the little chapel with its lighted windows, and the moon shining in the heavens, tell the story with more touching truthfulness than can be expressed in words.

GENIUS OF YOUTH.—Almost everything that is great has been done by youth. For life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret. Do not suppose that I hold that youth is genius; all that is genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five-and-twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern times. Had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two

statecraft Ferdinand of Arragon himself; he was pope, as Leo X., at thirty-seven. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley; they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote at sixteen—and died at thirty-seven. Ah! that fatal thirty-seven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died, too, at thirty-seven. Richelieu was secretary of state at thirty-one. Well, then, there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four. And Acquaviva—Acquaviva was general of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonized America before he was thirty-seven. What a career! It is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth.—*D'Israeli.*

Blind with tears, that rain for me,
Shall your only vouchers be."

Master of the Universe!
If there's a deeper curse
Than this terrible despair,
(Burden more than I can bear !)
O let Leila have her share :—
Let my love divided be!
Half to her, and half to me!
Or, if this be not her fate,
Let her neither love nor hate,
Only be indifferent—
I will try to be content.

"Ah, but she is sick," you say.
Why was I not sent for, pray?
There is danger in delay.
I have taken my degree
(Leila knows, my master, she)—
Let me her physician be.
These diseases of the heart
Are beyond the reach of art:
He who gives can cure the smart !



BOYS' PLAY AND GIRLS' PLAY.

THE embellishments of this page are from illustrated volumes, prepared by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., for the holiday season of 1871-2. The number and variety of these volumes indicate that the demand for pictorial gift-books has not died out, but has rather increased and developed so that the energies and imagination of the best artists are severely taxed to meet it. A glance at some of the illustrated works, prepared for the coming holiday season by this one house, will show what a feast of fat things, literary and artistic, awaits the lovers of good books handsomely brought out.

The general favor accorded to Mrs. Stowe's novel, "Oldtown Folks," as a graphic and faithful picture of New England life, manners and thought, two or three generations ago, has induced her to supplement that work with a series of legends which possess great piquancy, as related in the classic Yankee dialect of Sam Lawson, with his characteristic touches of humor and shrewd moral reflections, which seem intensely comical coming from such a genius of shiftlessness. The collection bears the title of "Oldtown Fireside Stories," and has a portrait of Sam Lawson, a picture of Grandfather Badger's great kitchen—which readers of "Oldtown Folks" will remember as the scene of many important and interesting incidents—with Grand-

father Badger himself, dear Grandmother Badger, energetic Aunt Lois, and the children, all listening to Sam's account of his experiences and adventures.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's delightful volume, "My Summer in a Garden," has gained a vast circle of admirers, who will be gratified to have its picturesque features brought out as clearly and attractively to the eye as the author's wit and imagination have presented them to the reader's fancy. Mr. Darley will interpret Mr. Warner's humorous sketches of the rise and progress of his gardening, of Polly's remarkable suggestions, of the unhappiness produced by the astounding luxuriance of "pusley," and by the raids of neighbors' cows, hens, and small boys.

Mr. Bret Harte's tales of Californian mining life are so vivid and well defined that they lend themselves easily and naturally to the designer's hand. They are, at the same time, so alien to all that comes within the scope of our ordinary observation, they introduce to our notice modes of life and types of character so remote from our experience, and so new in the domain of literature, they reveal with so rare insight the "soul of goodness in things evil," that they have come to us as a grateful surprise in literature and art. Mr. Eytinge has made a careful study of the characters and scenes in those world-famous sketches—"The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," "The Idyl of Red Gulch," and "Brown of Cal-



BASIL THE BLACKSMITH.

larity of the works of the most popular of American poets. The pencils of the most skilful designers in America and England have been laid under contribution, and the varied genius of Birket Foster, John Gilbert, George H. Thomas, F. O. C. Darley, and others of equal fame, has interpreted with great truthfulness and beauty the series of delightful poems which have won for Longfellow his wide renown. This will be the first complete illustrated edition of his poems; it will be carefully printed from entirely new plates, and will present these poetical works in a compact and tasteful form worthy of the fair fame of their author.

The last book to be mentioned here, and one of the choicest, is "Child-Life," a collection of poetry for the young. It has been selected and edited by Mr. Whittier, and profusely illustrated. A glance at the table of contents assures one of the great excellence of this volume, its wide variety, and the felicitous choice which has culled, from the vast range of all literature, those pieces which are best suited to the tastes and needs of the children of to-day.

Two of these books bear the imprint of "The Aldine Press," which with many will be a guarantee that all that could be has been done in printing from the plates. An announcement of these works, describing them in detail, will be found elsewhere.



THE OPEN WINDOW.

avers,—and has made for them a series of large illustrations, like the Booth sketch on another page of our present number. The host of readers who have been touched and charmed by Mr. Harte's unequalled pictures of the lights and shadows of rude life in California, will gladly welcome these illustrations. The yet greater host of admirers of Mr. Harte's poems in dialect—the noted "Heathen Chinee," "Jim," "Dow's Flat," "The Society upon the Stanislaus," etc.—will learn with pleasure that several of these poems, and some of Mr. Harte's other poems, are to be illustrated by the most competent American artists. The Red Line edition of Mr. Harte's Poems, to be issued in good time for the holidays, and uniform with the tasteful and popular Red Line editions of Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Tennyson and Scott, will contain these illustrations, and all of Mr. Harte's poetical works previously published.

A sumptuous edition of Longfellow's Poems is promised, to contain upwards of two hundred and fifty illustrations, which will add a new element to the popu-



"JIM."



SAM LAWSON.



EDWIN BOOTH AS "BENEDICK."—HENNESSY.

THE OLD SMUGGLER'S STORY.

TRAVELING, not long ago, with a party of friends across the Bavarian Tyrol towards Partenkirchen, we were overtaken by a violent mountain tempest, which broke upon us with all the sudden fury of the storms of that region, and drove us to seek refuge under a broad shed built out over the road in front of a mountain inn.

Several parties had arrived before us, and were awaiting the passing over of the tempest. A large wagon, laden with merchandise, stood at one side, its driver lazily smoking and exchanging mountain stories with the coachman and postilion of an English traveling carriage, whose occupants were within, in the dining room of the small inn, refreshing themselves with mountain fare—bread and milk and honey.

The servants of the inn were moving about, busily engaged in giving food and water to the horses. Among them was an old man, whose striking appearance attracted our special attention. He appeared to be on the upper rounds of the ladder of life, and his brown and wrinkled skin, and long sinewy limbs told of a wild and trying life among the mountains. He was dressed in an old brown jacket which hung loosely about his shrunken form, a very dirty shirt, well-worn leather knee-breeches, and a shabby Tyrol hat, from whose brim, as he went back and forth bringing water from the well, the rain poured in streams. Grasped tight, between two rows of well-preserved teeth, he held a short-stemmed pipe, from which he puffed a constant column of smoke.

After completing his care of the horses, the old man, attracted, perhaps, by my evident observation, drew near to where I was standing, listening to stories of mountain travel and adventure from my companion—himself a man whose life had been passed among wild scenes of storm and danger. I noticed with what close attention the old man listened to our conversation. He took no part in it, but stood quietly smoking; only, now and then, an affirmative nod of the head, or a twinkle about his mouth and eyes showed with what delight he heard the recital of adventures whose counterpart he had, no doubt, experienced on many a wild mountain tramp.

At last the storm ceased, the clouds broke and rolled away, and the brilliant sunlight burst forth, flooding the landscape with wondrous glory. The freight wagon rolled off with much clatter, the travelers in the carriage were driven away over the mountain road, the coachman cracking his long whip, and, at length, myself and companions took up our alpenstocks and knapsacks and made ready to proceed on our journey.

As we were starting, the old man came towards us, and touching his battered hat, begged the privilege of carrying our luggage.

"I am a used-up old fellow," said he, pathetically, "and not strong enough for more hard work. But I must go to Partenkirchen to-night, and would gladly earn a little money, for tobacco, on the road."

The offer was not unwelcome; but, at the same time, we hesitated to place upon the shoulders of the seemingly feeble old man, a burden which had already proved wearisome to our own. With an indescribable expression of contempt he looked at our small baggage.

"Only those few bundles," said he, "and over a smooth, level road! Even if I have counted more than seventy years, I am not so feeble as all that. In my day I have often carried a couple of hundred-weight on my back, over a road full of rocks and danger of all kinds."

"Come ahead," said he, swinging our luggage over his shoulder, and starting off at a pace strong and buoyant as that of a young man.

We followed him along the mountain path, towards the little village of Oberau, where the road turns to the right, up across the Ettaler mountain towards Ammergau, where the narrow valley suddenly widens, presenting to the eyes of the traveler a panorama of exquisite loveliness. Green meadows, surrounded by slopes of rich woodland, form a pleasant contrast to the bold mountain forms rising beyond; and, through an opening at the end of the valley appear the church spires of Partenkirchen.

We stopped for a moment, to enjoy the delicious picture before us.

"We have been passing," said my companion, "over the old highway, which, in former times, was the road by which merchandise from the East Indies was brought into Germany, having reached the Tyrol by way of the Mediterranean and Venice. To ensure safety to the transports, a large protective association of freight carriers was formed, and stations established all along the road, similar to the present

"Seen it yourself!" we said, in astonishment. "What have you seen, old friend?"

"What else but that you have spoken of?" said he. "The old trains of merchandise going over the mountains."

My friend gave me a side glance. It was evident that the old man's brain was weakened. Still there was a certain charm in hearing him talk.

"You are mistaken, friend!" said I. "The times we were speaking of, were over, several hundred years ago."

He shook his head, and again the old look of pity came into his eyes. "Young man, I ought to know about it much better than you," said he. "You are too young to talk about those times. Although I carry nearly eighty winters on my shoulders, my head is as clear as ever, and I remember, as if it was yesterday, when my father took me with him for the first time. I was a boy of twelve years, then, when the whole train met together in the forest, and went over the Waxenstein Pass."

We understood the old man at last. He was thinking of another time and quite a different sort of traffic from that of which we had spoken. Our conversation about baggage trains, and the dangers of mountain passes, had awakened in him memories of the times which had been the most important of his life, full of excitement and adventure, the remembrance of which still made his old blood tingle.

"If you really did go with the baggage train," asked my friend, "why did they choose such a strange and difficult road as the Waxenstein Pass instead of keeping in the highway?"

The old man looked round cautiously to make sure no one was near. "One can speak out now," he said at length. "The danger is all over. The trains were compelled to go secretly, for the troops and officers of customs were watching at every turn. We have often brought many thousand guilders worth of watches and silk-stuffs over the mountains. There were often thirty of us in the train, every man of us lusty and strong of limb, each with his heavy pack upon the back, and his musket slung across his breast."

"Plainly spoken, then, you were a smuggler."

"Well, I never called myself that. I bought my goods and sold them honestly. But I have tricked the government out of many a guilder in my day. Ah, those were times!"

"A dangerous business and small profit, eh?"

"Yes, it is true there was not much to be gained by it, but it was a jolly life—much better than shooting game. But one needs a steady head and firm footing for that business. Many and many a night have we climbed over the rocks and along the sides of precipices, holding on by roots and branches, while below, on the pass, the officers were watching for us with muskets loaded, ready to shoot us down. It was little use for them. We knew the mountain paths better than all the troops and officers together."

"Is it a long time since you gave up that way of life?"

"Full twenty years," said the old man. "The business grew worse and worse, until, at last, it did not pay for the nails in one's shoes. And, besides, the last time I made a trip through these mountains, with my comrades, a misfortune happened to us, that—"

The old man turned his head away, and appeared deeply affected.

"Tell us about it, my friend," I said, for I felt sure that anything which, after so long a time, could move the hard-faced old man to tears, must contain something worth listening to.

"It was nothing of particular interest to you, sir," said he, after a few moments' pause. "But the best friend I ever had, I parted with on that day."

"Let us hear the story," we entreated.



"But, mark you, that his face is raised to God."—(See page 192.)



SMUGGLERS CROSSING THE ALPS.—G. SUNDBLAD.

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SHAKESPEARE'S "SEVEN AGES."

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely
players:
They have their exits, and their en-
trances;
And one man in his time plays many
parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first,
the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's
arms;
And then, the whining school-boy,
with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping
like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then,
the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful
ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow:
Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded
like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick
in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And
then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon
lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal
cut,
Full of wise saws and modern in-
stances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth
age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch
on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world
too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big
manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble,
pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene
of all,
That ends this strange eventful his-
tory,
Is second childishness, and mere
oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
every thing.



"Well, sir, I remember it as well as if it had all happened yesterday. It was just at that time of the year when the days begin to be shorter, that the rod was sent to all the members of the band—that was the sign that enough wares had been collected in our store-houses to pay for the journey across the pass. It was pitch-dark when we all at last were ready, our bundles strapped firmly to our shoulders and our staffs in our hands. The moon stood in the calendar that night, but the heavens were covered with thick clouds, and she gave no light.

"Our leader would not listen to any proposal to wait. The moon will not show herself to-night, he said, and if she does, she will help us as well at the other end of the pass as here. We knew too, that the officers had suspicions of our march, and under cover of darkness we hoped to elude their most vigorous watch. But when the Fates are against one,

skilful climbers. Far behind us, the troops were hurrying up the pass. Suddenly a great volley of bullets were sent after us, and one striking the solid wall of rock, glanced and hit my companion full in the breast. He would have fallen backwards into the chasm, had he not been grasping a jagged piece of rock for support."

The old man stopped for a moment, and after relighting his pipe, took several vigorous whiffs before going on with his story.

"I've got my share at last, brother," he called to me, "Hurry after the others, and—God bless you." One cannot do what one pleases on a mountain path. I was obliged to turn myself around very cautiously—Ah, my heart was as heavy as if the ball lay in the center of it. It is not as bad as all that, comrade, I called. Take courage and hold fast until I can loosen my bundle and take you on my shoulders.

PRAYING BY WHEEL AND AXLE.

THE Japanese, like the inhabitants of Thibet, are not content with devout prayers, pilgrimages, prostrations, offerings to the gods in order to secure blessings here and hereafter; they also pray by machine, by *wheel and axle*. There is a square post, nearly eight feet in length, and near the center, at a convenient height to be reached by the hand, is fixed vertically a wheel, which moves readily on an axle passed through the post. Two small rings are strung upon each of three spokes of the wheel. Every person who twists this instrument in passing is supposed to obtain credit in heaven for one or more prayers inscribed on the post, the number being graduated according to the vigor of the performer's devotion, and the number of revolutions effected. The jingle of the small iron rings is believed to secure the attention of the



THE FAGOT GATHERERS.

thing always go wrong. We were obliged to leave our beaten path at one point, and creep along on the side of the cliff. Just at that moment the clouds burst, and the moon shone out, making everything so light that one might have seen a moving figure on the mountain side for miles. It was not long before we were seen by the officers, and one bullet after another whizzed through the air past our heads. We were at the worst point on the road, directly on the side of the cliff, where the footpath was not over twelve inches wide in many places, the rocks on one hand towering like a church spire above our heads, and on the other going down hundreds of feet to the bottom of the chasm, through which rushed a roaring mountain torrent. There was nothing we could cling to except a few tangled roots or projecting points of rock.

"Most of our party had reached a turn in the path, where there was a way leading to a safe and secure hiding-place known only by ourselves. I was the last but one, and behind me came my best and truest friend of the whole company. We were always put in the rear, as we were the best marksmen and most

"Don't give yourself that trouble, brother," he said, "take care that the officers do not seize you, and all be lost." But you, I answered, you cannot walk any farther, and they may seize you. "Do not fear for me, dear old friend," he said, "it is all over—pray for my poor soul—no rascal of an officer shall take me." As he said this, he let go his hold, gave me one parting look, and the next instant he laid at the bottom of the chasm, with the wild, dashing water for his only company. There he lies still, and there he will lie until the Judgment Day, God help him!"

The old man crossed himself devoutly, slung our baggage over his shoulders and walked silently down the road.

Twilight was coming on. The sharp cliffs of the Wetterstein were crimson in the sunset glow. We slowly followed the old smuggler, rejoicing to think that the time was coming when nations and peoples would draw nearer and nearer to each other, when interests, becoming mutual, should serve to bind them together, and unreasonable barriers fall before the march of progress and civilization.

deity to the invocation of the devout, and the greater the noise, the more certain of its being listened to. Some of the inscriptions on this post are worth remembering—"The great round mirror of knowledge says, 'wise men and fools are embarked in the same boat'; whether prospered or afflicted, both are rowing over the deep lake; the gay sails lightly hang to catch the autumnal breeze; then away they straight enter the lustrous clouds, and become partakers of heaven's knowledge."

"He whose prescience detects knowledge says,—"As the floating grass is blown by the gentle breeze, or the glancing ripples of Autumn disappear when the sun goes down, or as the ship returns home to her old shore, so is life; it is a smoke, a morning tide."

"Others are more to the point—as to the machine—"Buddha himself earnestly desires to hear the name of this person (who is buried), and wishes he may go to life."

NEVER risk a joke, even the least offensive in its nature and the most common, with a person who is not well bred and possessed of sense to comprehend it.

APPLETON'S HOLIDAY EDITIONS.



THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

* * * * *

FLING wide the generous grain; we fling
O'er the dark mould the green of Spring.
For thick the emerald blades shall grow,
When first the March winds melt the snow,
And to the sleeping flowers, below,
The early bluebirds sing.
Fling wide the grain; we give the fields
The ears that nod in Summer's gale,
The shining stems that Summer gilds,
The harvest that o'erflows the vale,
And swells, an amber sea, between
The full-leaved woods, its shores of green.
Hark! from the murmuring clods I hear
Glad voices of the coming year;
The song of him who binds the grain,
The shout of those that load the wain,
And from the distant grange there comes
The clatter of the thresher's flail,
And steadily the millstone hums
Down in the willowy vale.

* * * * *

Oh blessed harvest yet to be!
Abide thou with the Love that keeps,
In its warm bosom, tenderly,
The Life which wakes and that which sleeps.
The Love that leads the willing spheres
Along the unending track of years
And watches o'er the sparrow's nest,
Shall brood above thy Winter rest,
And raise thee from the dust, to hold
Light whisperings with the winds of May,
And fill thy spikes with living gold.
From Summer's yellow ray;
Then, as thy garners give thee forth,
On what glad errands shalt thou go,
Wherever, o'er the waiting earth,
Roads wind and rivers flow!
The ancient East shall welcome thee
To mighty marts beyond the sea,
And they who dwell where palm-groves sound
To Summer winds the whole year round,
Shall watch, in gladness, from the shore,
The sails that bring thy glistening store.



THE FOUNTAIN.

FOUNTAIN, that springest on this grassy slope,
Thy quick cool murmur mingles pleasantly,
With the cool sound of breezes in the beech,
Above me in the noontide. Thou dost wear
No stain of thy dark birthplace; gushing up
From the red mould and slimy roots of earth,
Thou flashest in the sun. The mountain air,
In Winter, is not clearer, nor the dew
That shines on mountain blossom. Thus doth God
Bring, from the dark and foul, the pure and bright.

This tangled thicket on the bank above
Thy basin, how thy waters keep it green!
For thou dost feed the roots of the wild vine
That trails all over it, and to the twigs
Ties fast her clusters. There the spice-bush lifts
Her leafy lances; the viburnum there,
Paler of foliage, to the sun holds up
Her circlet of green berries. In and out
The chipping sparrow, in her coat of brown,
Steals silently, lest I should mark her nest.



THE ALDINE.

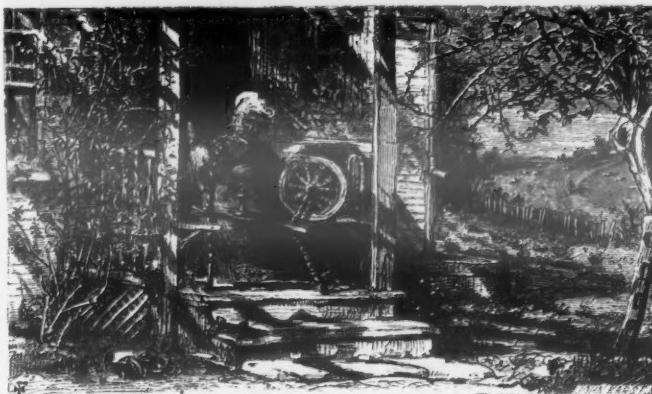
Not such thou wert of yore, ere yet the axe
Had smitten the old woods. Then hoary trunks
Of oak, and plane, and hickory, o'er thee held
A mighty canopy. When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip-tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming-birds
And silken-winged insects of the sky.

Frail wood-plants clustered round thy edge in
Spring.
The liverleaf put forth her sister blooms
Of faintest blue. Here the quick-footed wolt,
Passing to lap thy waters, crushed the flower
Of sanguinaria, from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell like blood. The deer, too, left
Her delicate foot-print in the soft moist mould,
And on the fallen leaves. The slow-paced bear,
In such a sultry Summer noon as this,
Stopped at thy stream, and drank, and leaped
across.

But thou hast histories that stir the heart
With deeper feeling; while I look on thee
They rise before me. I behold the scene
Hoary again with forests; I behold
The Indian warrior, whom a hand unseen
Has smitten with his death-wound in the woods,
Creep slowly to thy well-known rivulet,
And slake his death-thirst. Hark, that quick fierce cry
That rends the utter silence; 'tis the whoop
Of battle, and a throng of savage men
With naked arms and faces stained like blood,
Fill the green wilderness: the long bare arms
Are heaved aloft, bows twang and arrows stream;
Each makes a tree his shield, and every tree
Sends forth its arrow. Fierce the fight and short,
As is the whirlwind. Soon the conquerors
And conquered vanish, and the dead remain
Mangled by tomahawks. The mighty woods
Are still again, the frightened bird comes back
And plumes her wings; but thy sweet waters run
Crimson with blood. Then, as the sun goes down,
Amid the deepening twilight I descry
Figures of men; that crouch and creep unheard,
And bear away the dead. The next day's shower
Shall wash the tokens of the fight away.

I look again—a hunter's lodge is built,
With poles and boughs, beside thy crystal well,
While the meek Autumn stains the woods with gold
And sheds his golden sunshine. To the door
The red man slowly drags the enormous bear
Slain in the chestnut thicket, or flings down
The deer from his strong shoulders. Shaggy fells
Of wolf and cougar hang upon the walls,

And loud the black-eyed Indian maidens laugh,
That gather, from the rustling heaps of leaves,
The hickory's white nuts, and the dark fruit
That falls from the gray butternut's long boughs.



So centuries passed by, and still the woods
Blossomed in Spring, and reddened when the year
Grew chill, and glistened in the frozen rains
Of Winter, till the white man swung the axe
Beside thee—signal of a mighty change.
Then all around was heard the crash of trees,
Trembling awhile and rushing to the ground,
The low of ox, and shouts of men who fired
The brushwood, or who tore the earth with ploughs
The grain sprang thick and tall, and hid in green
The blackened hill-side; ranks of spiky maize
Rose like a host embattled; the buckwheat
Whitened broad acres, sweetening with its flowers
The August wind. White cottages were seen
With rose-trees at the windows; barns from which
Came loud and shrill the crowing of the cock;
Pastures where rolled and neighed the lordly horse,
And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich turf
Of grasses brought from far o'ercrept thy bank
Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls
Brought pails, and dipped them in thy crystal pool;
And children, ruddy-cheeked and flaxen-haired,
Gathered the glistening cowslip from thy edge,

Since then, what steps have trod thy border! Here
On thy green bank, the woodman of the swamp
Has laid his axe, the reaper of the hill
His sickle, as they stooped to taste thy stream.
The sportsman, tired with wandering in the still
September noon, has bathed his heated brow
In thy cool current. Shouting boys, let loose
For a wild holiday, have quaintly shaped

Into a cup the folded linden leaf,
And dipped thy sliding crystal. From the wars
Returning, the plumed soldier by thy side
Has sat, and mused how pleasant 'twere to dwell
In such a spot, and be as free as thou,
And move for no man's bidding more. At eve,
When thou wert crimson with the crimson sky,
Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought
Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully
And brightly as thy waters. Here the sage,
Gazing into thy self-replenished depth,
Has seen eternal order circumscribe
And bind the motions of eternal change,
And from the gushing of thy simple fount
Has reasoned to the mighty universe.

Is there no other change for thee, that lurks
Among the future ages? Will not man
Seek out strange arts to wither and deform
The pleasant landscape which thou makest green?
Or shall the veins that feed thy constant stream
Be choked in middle earth, and flow no more
For ever, that the water-plants along
Thy channel perish, and the bird in vain
Alight to drink? Happily shall these green hills
Sink, with the lapse of years, into the gulf
Of ocean waters, and thy source be lost
Amidst the bitter brine? Or shall they rise,
Upheaved in broken cliffs and airy peaks,
Haunts of the eagle and the snake, and thou
Gush midway from the bare and barren steep?

RESURGAM.

GETHSEMANE in moonlight stood arrayed,
When, 'neath the groves of olive and of palm,
The holy Hillel and young Safi strayed,
And in hushed tone, alternate, spoke a psalm.
"Behold," said Safi, "yonder, where the rays
Fall on the open space, there kneeleth one."
And Hillel answered, "Zadoc, 'tis who prays
And weeps upon the grave of his dead son."
"Men call him wise and just," young Safi cried,
"Wherefore not moderate the bitter rain
Of his sad tears?" And Hillel calm replied,
"Worthless the wisdom that can feel no pain."
To him the youth—"Oh, master, tell me, then,
Wherefore the use of wisdom, when the sage
Weeps like the foolish one?—if sons of men
Advantage naught by wisdom nor by age?"
And Hillel answered, "Safi, see the tear
Falls from his eye upon the earthy sod,
Where lies the body of his offspring dear;
But, mark you, that his face is raised to God!"—T. H. S.

BRYANT'S poem of "The Fountain," superbly illustrated, is published as a holiday book by the Appletons. It will be issued in style to correspond with "The Song of the Sower," published last year, which was universally acknowledged to be the leading book of the season. "The Fountain" affords admirable opportunity for variety of illustrations consisting not only of magnificent descriptions of scenery, but glowing incidents of an historical and domestic character. Mr. Fenn has executed for the book some of his most pleasing landscapes; Alfred Fredericks has supplied several of the historical incidents; and Winslow Homer, has contributed some fine groups of

young women and children. The volume will be hailed, as an admirable specimen of American art.

THE RONNEBURG.—This picturesque view crowns one of the boldest hills in that beautiful section of

the country, between the Main and the Lahn, which is known as the Wetterau.

Some centuries ago it was the shelter of many families who were driven from their homes by religious persecution. Originally belonging to a noble race, whose name it still bears, it passed on the death of the last of the family, into the hands of strangers, who preferred the social charms of the adjoining village of Büdingen to a life in the secluded castle. It was thus left uninhabited, and in the latter part of the 16th century a large number of the Jewish people, driven by persecution from



THE RONNEBURG.

Frankfort, made their home in one of the wings of the Ronneburg, where, undisturbed, they were permitted to follow the ways of their own faith.

A little later, a wandering tribe of gypsies, who were looked upon with suspicion by the inhabitants of the valleys on account of their vagabond life, also took refuge in the old castle, and set up their camp in one of its spacious courtyards.

These outcasts were under the special protection of the Count of Büdingen, the owner of the castle, a man far in advance of his time, who possessed great toleration for all religious beliefs.

As some Jewish families, the persecution against them becoming less violent, were attracted back to their old homes, other sufferers came to take their places—Protestant families driven from Austria, small bands of Moravians, and a few men of science, whose theories were proscribed at the courts of Catholic princes.

For over a hundred years the walls of Ronneburg were a shelter for those cast out from their homes on account of their faith.

But those times are over now. Both persecutor and persecuted have passed away, and the walls and turrets of Ronneburg are fast crumbling to ruin.

As seen from the valley, from which the accompanying picture was taken, it still presents an appearance of strength, and stability, but on climbing the hill and entering the vast structure, one finds only an ivy-grown chaos of broken pillars and crumbled walls.

Its sole inhabitants are the old couple who show the ruins to strangers, and two ancient Jewesses, who were born there, and who will probably finish their days among the ruins of what was formerly the home of their ancestors.

A REED-ARTIST.

THERE is not a more pleasant reminder of the truism that "Peace hath her victories," than that furnished by present progress in the reed art; and in no land is it more pronounced than our own. This proposition of ours is surely self-evident, and needs not to be substantiated by a reference to the numerous factories which have sprung up here and there, nor to the thousands of reed instruments to be heard discoursing sweet sounds in city, town and village. Nor is it necessary to cite the learned in music as to the substantial enriching of our tone-wealth through the medium of this art. At this comparatively late day, we are happily saved from all this; yet, as it is within the province of *THE ALDINE* to take cognizance of all art advances, we feel assured that we shall interest our readers by the present brief allusion to the life and services of one who has been identified with our subject from its rise in America to the present time. We refer to Elias P. Needham—whose portrait we present in this issue—one of our own State's worthiest art-sons.

His record of a quarter of a century's earnest devotion* to his

chosen field of labor constitutes a golden chapter of her art history. Engaged in a similar mechanical employment to that of his noble confrere, Carhart,

to the melodeon as such. To Needham is the credit wholly due of giving Carhart's perfected instrument the organ type, thereby extending its tone-powers and resources, so as to render it a worthy peer and namesake of the "King of Musical instruments." One of the most important means to this end was the now celebrated upright action, for which Mr. Needham obtained a patent in 1858, and by the use of which the reed organ maker may bring any number of sets of reeds, with their varied tone-color and volume, under the easy mastery of the player, enabling him to produce effects novel, varied and charming, and capable of expressing every sentiment of the human heart. Great, therefore, is the debt of the art-world to this noble American artist, not only for his zealous devotion to his life work, but for results, the influence of which on the general culture of our country cannot be too highly estimated.

While Mr. Needham is more widely known as a reed-artist, his genius has been fruitful in other fields of invention. He is the originator of a very valuable means of transport, known as the "Endless Current Pneumatic Way;" in the construction of which he turns the tuneful offices of the air to a more practical purpose than in the "Silver Tongue," as some might say. After these prefatory words by way of introduction, we now leave our readers with the gentleman's excellent presentment, reminding them, in the words of Shakespeare, that—

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

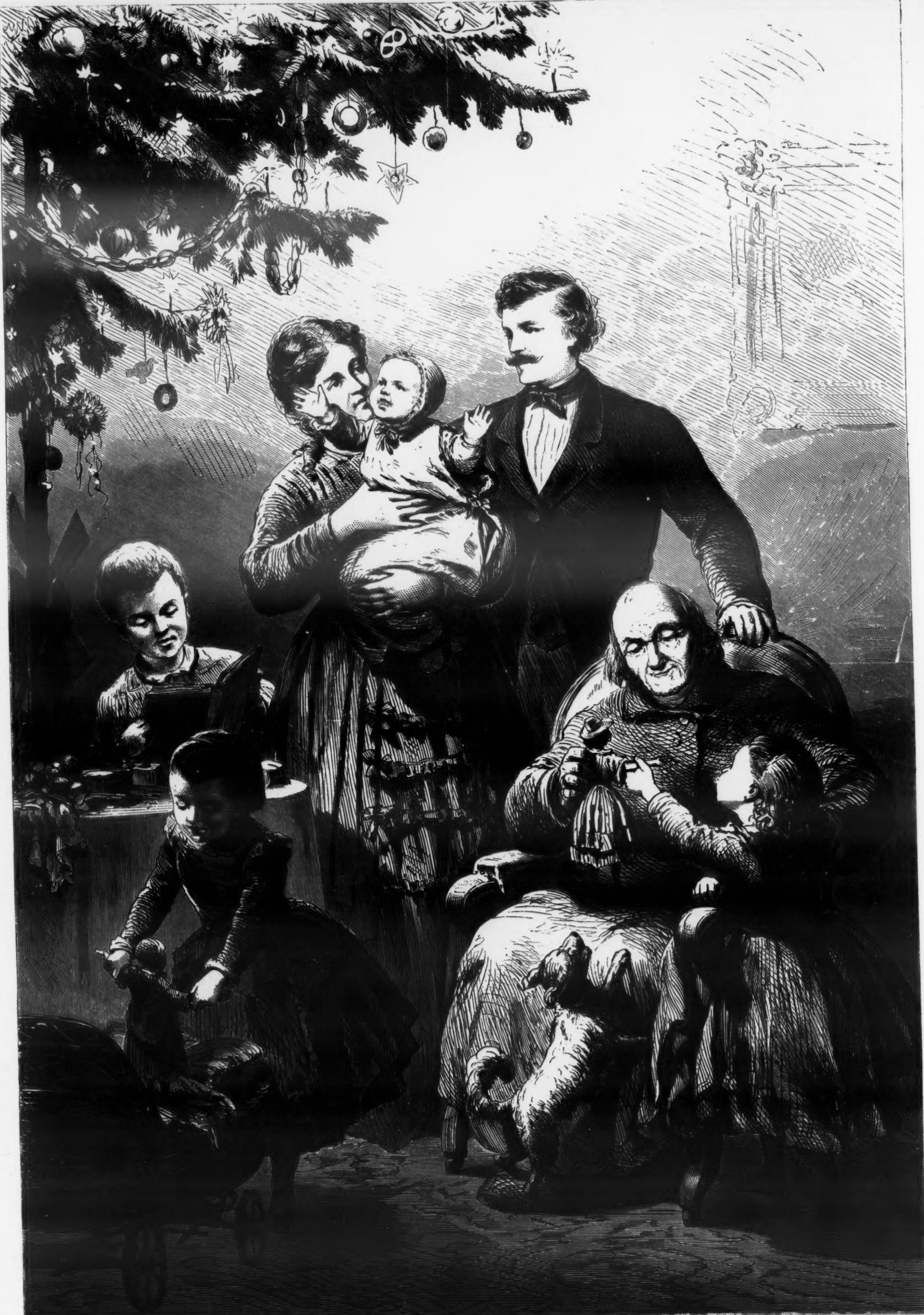


ELIAS P. NEEDHAM.



AN ENGLISH COUNTRY CHURCH.—BOTT.

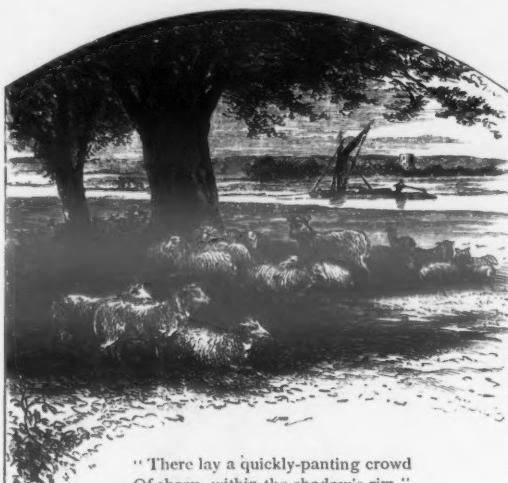
* The manufacture of Melodeons was commenced by Carhart & Needham, at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1840.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS.



IN MEMORIAM.



"There lay a quickly-panting crowd
Of sheep, within the shadow's rim."

EDWIN BOOTH, AS BENEDICK.

A PROMINENT illustration in this paper represents Mr. Edwin Booth as *Benedick*, in Shakespeare's comedy of "Much Ado About Nothing." It has been selected from a gallery of character-portraits of this actor, drawn by Mr. W. J. Hennessy engraved by Mr. W. J. Linton, and published by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston. These works of art accompanied by a memoir of Booth, from the pen of Mr. William Winter, are—it is understood—designed to constitute such a memorial of that eminent and favorite tragedian as will be delightful to his admirers, and, at the same time, welcome to all classes of the dramatic public. In other words the memorial has been prepared in a temperate spirit, with strict regard to truth, and with careful avoidance of that extravagant enthusiasm which is the besetting sin of so many dramatic chronicles. There is an obvious propriety in the publication of such a volume. Edwin Booth, it is fair to say, is the foremost representative, in this country, of dramatic art and the dramatic profession. He has attained the highest rank as a tragic actor, and he has established—in the capital city of America—the most stately, elegant, perfectly appointed, and durable of American theaters. It seems fitting that the artist and worker who has accomplished these results should be appropriately honored and commemorated. An effort in this direction will be made in the proposed memorial, a specimen of which is here offered to the public notice. Upon the beauty of that specimen there is no occasion to dilate. It will at once be recognized as a spirited and lovely composition, and a beautiful piece of engraving. Choice of it in this place has been induced by the consideration that it is not only an excellent delineation of Shakespearean character, but an admirable portrait of the actor. This double merit renders it especially attractive. Several, among its companion pictures, however, will be found to possess a more suggestive dramatic atmosphere and greater dramatic force. It is not in *Benedick*, nor in any other comedy character—despite his winning humor and the fineness of his method—that Booth has manifested the full scope and the individual quality of his powers; and, accordingly, it is not in any artistic repro-

tion of these efforts that his genius will be found most fully interpreted. He is essentially a tragedian. The basis of his intellectual and emotional organization is a clear and therefore a sad perception of the depths of human nature—its passions, its aspirations, its conflicts, its sorrows and sufferings; and a spirit so grounded takes but little heed of the vanities and frivolities of mankind—unless to pity them. It is in *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Bertuccio*, *Richelieu*, and other tragic and romantic characters, that the sweep of his imagination, the concentration of his mind, and the magnetism of his temperament have been most vividly exhibited; and to copies of these creations the observer must turn, for more ample expression than any comedy-portrait can furnish of that power to feel and to portray which has made Edwin Booth a great actor. Nevertheless, in such a memorial as is now projected, the lighter aspects of his art may very properly be mingled with its darker and stronger manifestations; and Mr. Hennessy has done well to present *Benedick* and *Don Cesar* as well as *Hamlet* and *Lear*.

His portraits, of which the volume incorporates twelve, are remarkable for sympathetic feeling and elaborate execution; and their own merits should insure them a cordial welcome. For many persons they are certain to possess a value aside from art, since they will conjure up



of typography and printing. This publication is one of manifestly unique character, and its announcement is decidedly one of the most tempting of the literary season.



SING-SONG.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS, of Boston, contribute the charming illustrations on this page. We can only give the titles of the books from which the pictures are taken, as we have not received the sheets necessary to a more elaborate notice.

SING-SONG: A Nursery Rhyme Book. By Christine G. Rossetti. Illustrations by Arthur Hughes. The following rhymes selected therefrom, are descriptive of the two lower woodcuts.

Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
Pop it in the pan:
Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake,—
Catch it if you can.

"I have a penny in my purse,
And my eyes are blue;
So ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do."

"Step into my ferry-boat,
Be they black or blue,
And for the penny in your purse
I'll ferry you."

THE NEW-YEAR'S BARGAIN: A Christmas Story for Children. By Susan Coolidge. Illustrations by Addie Ledyard.

RURAL POEMS. By William Barnes. With 12 full-page illustrations.

IMITATION.—The efficacy of this principle is most observable in children; indeed, if there be anything in them which deserves the name of an instinct, it is their propensity to imitation. Now there is nothing which children imitate, or apply more readily, than expressions of affection and aversion, of approbation, hatred, resentment, and the like; and when these passions and expressions are once connected, which they soon will be by the same association which unites words with their ideas, the passion will follow the expression, and attach upon the object to which the child has been accustomed to apply the epithet.



the most agreeable recollections of past enjoyment, and contribute toward imparting a certain degree of permanence to what is no less evanescent than delightful. The triumphs of an actor fade as soon as they bloom. They are glories of the passing moment, which the moment takes away. They are splendors of sunset, which vanish while they charm. A few years more, and Booth's *Richelieu* and Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* will be, like Betterton's *Hamlet* and Garrick's *Richard*, dim memories and fading legends. Whatever tends, therefore, in even a slight degree, towards perpetuating images of the player's art, that have given delight to the best judgment and the most refined taste of our time, must certainly meet with sympathy and approval. The book bears the imprint of "THE ALDINE PRESS," and is a superb specimen



PICTURES IN BLACK.



NOT to be unmindful of the claims of the little folk we have made up a few pages for their especial benefit. Our space will merely permit the briefest possible introduction, if they wish a more intimate acquaintance, they can obtain the books themselves at any bookstore, or can order them by mail direct from the publishers. Although we did our best to make a good selection for our particular friends, and we hope that includes all the children of every family where *THE ALDINE* is taken, we must confess that we felt something of the feeling of the child on the sea-shore with an armful of shells, and, oh! such beauties all around! We could not help wishing that we had room for the whole lot. However, here are the titles:

"Black Peter," by Paul Konewka, with rhymes from the German.

"Pictures in Black." The same. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press.



CHILDREN, come here! Black Peter has come;
Pretty pictures for you he'll cut out;
He can't spell very well or do a hard sum,
But this he knows all about.



SEE what Peter has cut out:
A picture of Frederick and Paul,
And Gretchen they quarreled about,—
But Gretchen did not like it at all.

THE GOOD-NATURED DONKEY.

IT did not seem very cheerful to Mr. Gastein in the market, so he went away to find something which he could see and enjoy. Alas! just outside he met a boy on a donkey, which was also shoved along by another bare-headed boy.

They both had great cudgels, and were shouting at the top of their voice. The tears rolled down Mr. Gastein's cheeks as he thought how the patient donkey would be bruised and battered by those cruel boys.

"Hey, there; g'up, g'up!" said the boy on donkey back. "Push him, Dick. Here we go: we'll race with any wheelbarrow on the road; g'up donkey, or I'll pull your ears. Whack!" and his stick came down. And this was what the donkey thought:—

"What fun! how warm that stick feels. I wonder how it would do to throw my heels up. No, I'll wait till Dick is out of the way, for these poor boys do with their thin skin. If they only had but a good thick hide just like me!"



THE FAT GOOSE.

"THERE'S a goose for you!" says the old woman. "Six pounds! (Kitty, my dear, don't touch its feet). Impossible! Is it corn-fed? (Jack, don't pull my dress so). If you will call it five pounds, now"—

"Dear, dear, the old woman will not be able to sell her goose, and the goat has been eating out of her basket and nobody will buy her greens."



THE CHILD AND KITTEN.

A LITTLE maid is seated here,
A maiden fair to see;
And now she calls,—" Come, kitty dear,
Come here and sit with me.

" See my milk; one little drop
I'll give to you;—yes, two!
Into my lap you may hop—
You're not afraid, are you?

" There! that was a good long drink
You took;—no, there's nothing in the cup.
If I had something to eat, do you think,
Little pussy, you'd eat it all up?

" I heard the cook say that the mice;
Were running all over the house;
Run quick, little puss, and bring back a slice
Of a fat, tender, sleek little mouse.

" Don't eat mousie whole, I pray,—
That cat is sick that does it;
But bring his little tail away,
And put it in your closet.

" Now would not that be nice
When I came to dine with you?
I should not care for mice,
But we'd drink milk,—we two."



WHEN the girl had left, Mr. Gastein took off his looking-glass spectacles and saw a dreadful sight. A young girl who had been out reaping was coming home with her gleanings in a bundle, which she carried on her head and steadied with her hand, which also carried a sickle. She had a basket on her arm, and two goats were with her. One of them was frisking in front, and the other was jumping up behind trying to get at the wheat. "Poor thing!" said Mr. Gastein. "That goat will tumble upon her and she will fall, and her sickle will cut off her hand, and her gleanings will be ate by the two goats." But what did the little girl say? She was singing:

"Nanny, my nanny, my pretty white kid,
What do you think in my basket is hid?
Berries for Baby, and cowslips for Cora,
Clover for Bunny, and daisies for Dora."



MORRIS was telling, as I came by,
Of a sum that was hard to do;
He had nearly finished—a pity thought I—
But I stopped and heard him quite through.



WITH her gaiters buttoned high,
She feels, I'm sure, quite grand,
When Fritz the neighbor's son comes by.
With Lottie hold of his hand.
"I've got some shoes with little bits
Of buttons," says Lisie to Fritz.



BOB'S SAILOR SUIT.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND PICTURES.

IN the good old days when the "New England Primer" told how

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all."

or still later, when some irreverent reviser insisted that the next couplet should be

"In Abel's murder
We sinned furder."

children had really no distinctive literature. Bible Stories, the Primer, Pilgrim's Progress, or perchance a stray Robinson Crusoe—these constituted the little all, and the few pictures, rude and disproportioned, that illustrated the text with a technical accuracy that was as realistic as amusing, gave to the youthful reader ideas of art not especially elevating. This is not the place to discuss whether the children of those

early days would not compare favorably with the young folk of to-day, or whether the maturer life was not fully as honorable and useful; the moralist and social economist may settle these points among themselves. But we recognize the fact that if the youthful mind was neglected then the deficiency is certainly made up now, and authors and artists vie with each other in entertaining and instructing the eyes and minds of children. While it is only too true that scores of worse than worthless "Juveniles" are written, and published, and read, it is also true that many of the best writers of our country are devoting their talents to this department of literature; and, it is gratifying to see that artists of real merit, some of them in the front rank of their profession, delight to "illustrate" children's books. Among the authors of our best juvenile books the name of Sophie May, the author of the "Dotty Dimple Stories" and the "Little Prudy Stories," will instantly occur to our readers, and among the artists whose pictures of child-life are remarkable in all the points that constitute correct and effective drawing, Miss L. B. Humphrey has few equals. In sprightliness, grouping, life-like attitude, and artistic grace, her sketches are worthy of high praise. The pictures on this page, with one exception taken from the very popular "Kathie Stories," * are from her pencil, and show that her works can praise her more effectively than our pen. The picture "Throwing Kisses," is from



THROWING KISSES.

the "Model Sunday-School Speaker," published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston; an excellent little volume which, in the stereotyped form of expression, "meets a felt want;" as if *all* wants were not "felt!" Of Miss Douglas's "Kathie Stories," above mentioned, we will say, in passing, that they are attractive in all the points that make good juvenile literature, but our chief design in this brief article is to call attention to a style and merit in child-life pictures so far above the average as to deserve special mention. Sophie May, Miss Douglas, and any other authors whose writings are illustrated by Miss Humphrey, are to be congratulated on having so fine an artist, and it is but fair to say that Miss Humphrey is fortunate in having authors who can furnish her with such excellent subjects. We believe that Messrs. Lee & Shepard have Miss H. in their exclusive employ.

DELIGHTFULNESS OF CHILDREN.—I am fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world, the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes; little conjurers, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never



KATHIE AND GYPSEY.

anything anywhere to be seen, but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart: they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it was not embellished by little children!

—Binney.



KATHIE'S PURCHASES.

* "Kathie Stories," by Miss M. A. Douglas, author of "In Trust." Six volumes. Lee & Shepard, Boston.



AT THE FAIR.

REAL MERIT IN LIFE INSURANCE.

The popularity of Life Insurance is waning—not because people, to-day, better understand the subject, but because the same unintelligent impulse that pushed the prosperity of American Life Insurance Companies to a standing of moneyed power and greatness, that astonished the business men of the whole world, has turned, with its disfavor, upon the same institutions that it once so strongly upheld.

To-day the system of Life Insurance has, through the indefatigable efforts of able minds, been brought to a greater state of perfection and accuracy than it was when first introduced into this country.

Theories, modified, have been practically proven to be facts. The elementary principles of the scheme have varied little. It is, as a great principle, what it has ever been, a blessing to man, and a defender and helper of widows and orphans. Who, then, is to blame for a seeming reluctance in the mind of men to accept its advantages? Does it arise from misrepresentation of unscrupulous representatives made in the past? If so, is it not wisest for the public first to investigate and to learn before condemning? We have found that those who have most bitterly complained of deception and fraud were those who had taken the least pains to know and understand what they were doing when they insured their lives.

It is an astonishing fact that business men would not permit themselves to act in any other business transaction as they have acted in insuring their lives. Let such men, then, blame and condemn themselves, rather than the principle of Life Insurance, or its substantial and reliable representatives and institutions.

Learn first what Life Insurance is, and what it can and does do to benefit mankind, collectively and individually. It is not so difficult or abstruse a subject that the most ordinary business mind cannot comprehend it; and, after a slight insight into its workings, no man will be misled, even under the influence of a strong self-interest to believe statements which, upon their face, are absurd and untrue. There is no speculation in taking a Life Insurance Policy. It is a wise provision for the future, and must be paid for in the present. We assert that the man who neglects to care for his family, by this principle, if he be not able to do so by other means, has culpably neglected an opportunity that no wise or loving husband, or father, should allow for any reason, to pass by without embracing its advantages.

By ascertaining a few simple facts a person may soon determine which institution embodies in its practices the most desirable means to bring about the chief and most desirable end.

The facts to be ascertained, considering the merits or demerits of a Life Insurance Company, are:

1st. What are its actual liabilities?

2d. What are its actual assets?

3d. With these assets, together with their accruing interests, take care of all insurance as they mature (fall due)?

4th. Are these assets positively protected from all loss or misappropriation?

5th. Can the liabilities of the Company be increased to the prejudice of the insured, or without a proper proportionate increase of assets?

So far in the history of Life Insurance there has been but one scheme introduced and practiced which gives positive figures and positive replies to these questions, and that is termed, in insurance circles, the Registry System of the State of New York. In its incipiency we questioned the feasibility and efficacy of this system. In reviewing the law and its requirements we expressed our doubts as to its real intent and usefulness, but after having seen the actual results of several years' practice under the law by some of our best Companies, we are led to the conclusion that its promises and guarantees are not only feasible but real.

The merits of the Registry System, as they have shown themselves under the practical working of the law are these:

"Registration is legally transferring to the State of New York the reserve fund which secures the payment of the Policy as it falls due, or in other words, in case Policies are registered, the net value thereof is deposited with some officer of the State Government, and the State assumes the responsibility for the safe-keeping and proper application of the funds thus deposited."

The cash assets and the Policy liabilities are daily ascertained at the Insurance Department at Albany. Therefore a Policy-Holder may, at any time, address the Insurance Department, and learn the amount of actual assets and the extent of the actual liabilities without question as to the correctness of the statement. A duplicate of each Policy is always filed in the Insurance Department, and is always accessible to the Policy-Holder; and, finally, as the State, by its Treasurer and Superintendent of Insurance, holds all assets in trust for Policy-Holders, the insured, under this system, are guaranteed protection from any loss through mismanagement, extravagance, robbery, defalcation, or speculation. With such legal safe guards thrown around a Policy, the insured may feel that all that Life Insurance can legitimately give is to be found in a Policy issued under this system.

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FACES ON THE WALL.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Minister's Wooing," etc.

ONCE there was a very good little girl, who, by reason of her goodness, knew where to find strawberries in the winter. In the same way, less perfect people, blest by the generous fairies of memory and imagination, may sit, as I do now, in the midst of falling leaves and whistling winds, and call back the green grasses and the summer sun. See yonder in the glen the darling of our house, the gold gleam in her brown hair, a chain of daisies in her hand, and in her eyes the roguish meditation of a kitten, weary for an instant only of its play, and thinking slyly on another spring. Thrown back upon the velvet grass, she is not resting, only pausing; from her bright glances to the tips of her tiny fingers, she is wide awake.

But now the merry play is over, and our pet nestles yonder on the sofa-cushion, tired at last in earnest. Slowly the lids fall, and the lingering smile dies out; but the flush in cheek and lip remains, like the glow after sunset. The gathered buttercups and daisies are loosely held by the fair little hand; no shadows, even of dream-land, disturb the sweet brow's perfect peace. She is fast asleep.

In other words, two chromos hang upon the wall, bewitching child heads, in which every mother sees something of her own dear ones, never grown old, and never lost to her, however time or death may have dealt with them.

Nothing pleases more at first sight or gives pleasure longer than poetical pictures of children. The little child whom Jesus sets in the midst of every family is a joy that grows not old and fades not:

"Age cannot wither—custom cannot stale
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For this reason, a happy picture of a child brings an enjoyment more lasting than any other, because it is a subject of which no one tires.

But these pictures, besides their constant charm for grown folks, are such as children can understand and love. Our little "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" would give many a pleasant hour of companionable amusement and intercourse to the little people akin to them in age. The pictures that children's eyes rest on, as they are dropping off to sleep or as they awake in the morning, seem to them like living friends. All sorts of childish dreams and fancies make of the pictured face a real companion. Not only in the parlor or the sitting room would they be an attractive and fitting embellishment, but they are a charming pair for the adornment of the nursery. Undoubtedly these two pictures are portraits. There is a realistic faithfulness and truth about them that forbids the idea of their being fancy heads. They will remind many parents of little ones, either here or in heaven. Dickens says, somewhere, of his portrait of little Nell, that he has had letters from the farthest regions of the earth speaking of children who resembled her in dear, sweet, every-like ways. He who paints one child well, paints thousands, and speaks to the tenderest feelings of innumerable hearts.

Of course there is a pleasure in possessing an original painting, but whether the question lies between an original at five hundred dollars and a chrome, which can scarcely be distinguished from it, at ten dollars—particularly when one has not the five hundred to spare—the choice is not very difficult. As to these two exquisite chromos, only a critical examination can distinguish between the copies (at \$10.00) and the originals which sold for many hundreds—which is certainly more than can be said of the best copies of any other pictures painted by hand.

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THE ALDINE.

It is not alone into the dwellings of the great and wealthy that we follow this pretty pair with anticipations of delight. We see them in the cottages of the poor, in the log cabin of the backwoodsman, brightening the toil of the hard-working wife and mother, and receiving the almost adoring wonder of children who have never seen pictures before.

God bless the darlings—send the little comforters fast and far!

The charming pair of oil chromos, "Wide Awake," and "Fast Asleep," of whose real beauty and attractiveness Mrs. Stowe's graceful sketch can give but an imperfect idea—so pleasing are they to all who love art or children—have always sold in the picture stores for \$10, and the original publisher has never been able to supply the great demand for them even at that price. And although thousands of them have been sold in America at that price, they are now within the reach of all, for they are

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to every subscriber to *The Christian Union*, an unsectarian, literary, religious and domestic weekly newspaper, edited by HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The pair, by a fortunate arrangement which one of the partners of this house was able to make in Paris during the late siege, with the proprietors of the pictures, are furnished to Mr. Beecher's publishers at a rate entirely exceptional.

The New York Mail says of them: "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" are two examples of the chromo-lithographic art, which have few rivals in the market in attractiveness, so admirably adapted were the original paintings to reproduction in this fashion." The subjects are Life Size.

As to the *Christian Union*, the great success of that paper has been marvel in the history of journalism, and the scholarly and critical *New York Nation* calls it "not only the ablest and best, but also the most popular of American religious periodicals."

This paper is now a large quarto of sixteen pages, cut and stitched. After the first of January it will be printed on a still larger sheet, folded in twenty-four pages, smaller than the present ones, also cut and stitched, a decided advantage possessed by no other religious weekly published. It contains contributions from eminent writers of all denominations, and has matter of interest for every member of the household, young and old. For the year 1872, Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE will write exclusively for the *CHRISTIAN UNION* (with the exception of one short story already engaged for another periodical).

The terms of subscription to this paper are as follows: For one year, \$2.00. This will entitle the subscriber to the paper and to the above pair of beautiful Oil Chromos, deliverable at the publication office. If the subscriber will add ten cents (\$2.10) for expenses of wrapping, mailing, etc., the Chromos will be sent free, by mail; and if the subscriber prefers to send still 25 cents more or \$2.35 altogether, the copies so mailed will be strongly mounted on card-board, sized and varnished, all ready for framing. This is the method we recommend as the most satisfactory, and the one which nearly all our subscribers order.

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Read Mrs. STOWE's article on the preceding page, entitled "FACES ON THE WALL."

SLEEPING MADE EASY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, a good authority, says that a bed of heather is one of the greatest luxuries of nature. The writer goes into rhapsodies over its velvety softness, tells us how cool it is with a gusto which almost makes us wish we were mountaineers, and unctuously describes a night he himself had spent on a couch of nature's providing. Nature is surely a most indulgent mother, and no doubt the novelist was right when he said that it is a great luxury to stretch one's self at full length on the fragrant heath, with the whole world for a bedchamber and the sky for a spangled canopy to one's couch. But, unfortunately, we live in unromantic times, and most of us are compelled to invite "nature's sweet restorer, balm, and sleep" on those less poetical arrangements called "bedsteads." Much, then, as we respect the opinion of the above gifted author, it must be confessed that he has only made us envy the favored individuals who have no trouble or mind as to where they shall sleep on a bed as we are condemned to seek a substitute for this, the cheapest of all luxuries. The question naturally arises, where are we to find the next best thing on which to rest our wearied limbs? New England ingenuity answers this question to a nicety. Not even an open-air bed of heather affords the luxurious repose enjoyed by the use of the Woven Wire Mattress patented by the Woven Wire Mattress Co. of Hartford, Conn. It is the happy result of long-continued efforts to combine every element of luxury and utility, and is at once cool, invigorating and luxurious. Being made of tempered wires interwoven, it is absolutely indestructible, and will last a lifetime. When we remember that cleanliness is the most important element in an article of furniture of this kind, and that nothing can be cleaner than a Woven Wire Mattress, we see that a long-desired result has been accomplished by this happy invention. The *Independent* says: "When 'sleep is life' to all of us, and health and happiness as well, the only wonder is that so many poor articles in this line are sold as long as a Wire Mattress can be procured. And, rather than not have one, we should prefer to economize in something else, and pay the slight additional expense of so perfect an article. But the Company need make no apology for the price; for although the first cost is somewhat more than a common spring, these beds are worth the money, and much of the extra expense can be saved in the thin covering necessary. Then, too, they are warranted to be entirely exempt from repairs for five years." We certainly cannot give our readers any better advice than to send to the Company for a bed, or buy one through their regular dealers."

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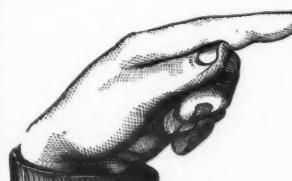
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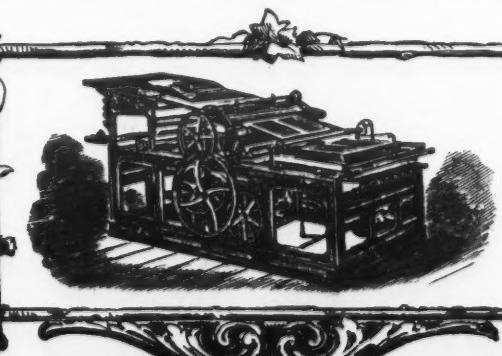
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2 Day Dresses,	- - -	5.00	-	10.00
1 Robe,	- - -	8.00	-	16.00
1 Basket, furnished,	- - -	5.00	-	10.00
6 Pair Socks,	- - -	0.62	1-2	3.75
2 Cambric Skirts,	- - -	1.75	-	3.50
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The whole, or any single article of the above outfit, will be had upon application, or will be sent C. O. D. by Express. Every article is made in the best manner, and from the best materials. Complete directions for Self-measurement sent by mail, if desired.

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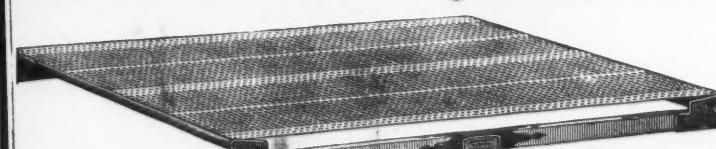
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The publishers of THE ALDINE, realizing the high standard which they claim in this prospectus, would solicit attention to the opinions below given—opinions from sources that will challenge respect wherever the English language or literature is known.

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT says: "In England and Italy we have the best printed books, and I think in England the best impressions of engravings made, but I have never seen anything comparable to the work of THE ALDINE; nothing so fine, the ink put upon the block in such just proportions, not too much, not too little, impressed on the paper with the greatest care and dexterity, no blot, no blur, no blank—the slenderest, lightest and most delicate lines impressed with the greatest certainty, so that the impression represented the original engraving on the block as it left the hands of the artist with as much fidelity as a mirror reproduces the lineaments of the human countenance."

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THE ALDINE continues to excite our admiration by the beauty of its letter press and the power and effect of its wood-engravings. Nothing finer in its way has ever been produced in the United States."—*Evening Post, N. Y.*

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THE ALDINE.—The engravings are brilliant in effect, and worthily printed—as is the whole paper—while its literary contents are increasing good with each number."—*Christian Union, New York*.

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THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, in matters literary and artistic the acknowledged critical authority of America, in its issue of December 1st, in speaking of THE ALDINE for January, 1872, pronounces it

"An ornamental book of immaculate taste for the amateur or the family circle."

ILLUSTRATED PAPERS.—It was a wise remark of a wise man, that "we should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself." In adopting the sentiment we do not accept the idea that the Beautiful is not, in itself, also useful. Its uses are too many and too great to require pointing out, at least to thoughtful readers. Just so far as the sense of the Beautiful is developed—the capacity to perceive and enjoy it, whether in nature or in art—that man or that people may be said to be advanced on the path of the higher civilization: and by so much as the individual or the community is removed from this capacity of its appreciation and its refining influences, by so much he or they must be said to be nearer to barbarism. There are no more persuasive ministers in the service of true refinement and enlightenment than good pictures. All of us cannot afford to buy the choicest treasures of pictorial art, as illustrated on the canvas of the most eminent painters. But there are few who cannot manage to take some one good pictorial paper. A really good illustrated paper is a greater educator of the popular taste than any painter, however great, for the illustrated paper goes every week, or every month, into thousands of families who would never see the painted picture, but whose pleasure is inestimably increased, and whose critical taste and enjoyment grow by use through the accustomed visits of the illustrated paper.

Our London cousins, across the water, have decidedly beaten us in the character of their illustrated journals. Their wood engravings have far surpassed those of the prominent American "pictorials" in the fineness of their detail and finish, and their general effect. This ought not to be so. We have artists in this country—or ought to have—who are quite as capable of designing, and engravers who can make as good work, as any in London. Why then the difference? Perhaps ours are not paid so well. Whatever may be the reason, it is no insuperable objection to American artists—it is now certain that there is no insurmountable obstacle in the way of their producing pictures equal to the best of the *London Illustrated News* or the *Art Journal*. We say so because such journals as one or two which are now produced in this country will obviously bear a favorable comparison with those well-known art-publications. We refer more particularly to *The Aldine*. This beautiful work, which puts forth no claim, like the London journals we have named, to public patronage on the score of a presentation of subjects of local or ephemeral interest—which never illustrates events like the opening of the Mt. Cenis tunnel, the Chicago fire, or the taking of Paris from the Communists—is really in itself a very credible art-product. Its pictures are designed to elevate the tone and standard of illustrated journals; and in boldly striking out a new path and entering a higher field, the publishers, James Sutton & Co., have found their reward, for they meet with a generous encouragement. The American public is not insensible to the claims of a higher branch of Art than we have been accustomed to! *The Aldine* is a marvel of what can be done in mere mechanical perfection, as any printer can see; and it is notable for the fine perfection of its large full-page pictures. It employs the best artists, and will hereafter give us not reproductions alone of famous paintings, but choice themes from American compositions—pictures of landscape scenery, and other things in our own country; for here, after all, is the real field for the Artist of the Future. (He must be at hand, as well as the much talked of Music of the Future.) There is another feature of *The Aldine* which we are glad to see. This elegant miscellany of pure, light and graceful literature is to be under the literary management of so good and thoroughly capable a literary editor as Richard Henry Stoddard. Its largely growing circulation is deserved, and its influence as an art-standard and authority, in the not distant future, is likely to be such as to be worth all that it has cost to attain it.—*Hartford Times*.

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